Monsieur Jacques

Musical Drama in one act

By

M. Barnett

1836

Duncombe's Edition.

MONSIEUR JACQUES,

A MUSICAL DRAMA,

IN

One Act.

By MORRIS BARNETT, Comedian,

Author of The Yellow Kids, Richard Turpin and Tom King, The Spirit of the Rhine, The Bold Dragoons, Mrs. G—, The King and his Croney, Tact, &c.

THE ONLY EDITION CORRECTLY MARKED, BY PERMISSION, FROM THE PROMPTER'S BOOK:

To which is added,

DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS, THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS, SITUATIONS—ENTRANCES—EXITS—PROPERTIES AND DIRECTIONS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

London Theatres.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE PORTRAIT

Morris Barnett, in the Character of Monsieur Jacques.

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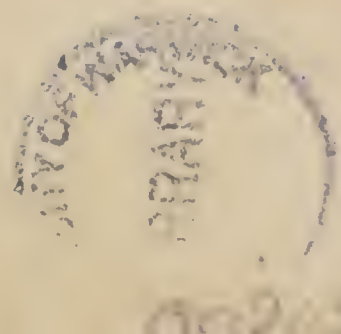

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. Sequence	Mr. Strickland
Monsieur Jacques	Mr. M. Barnett
Vivid	Mr. Selby
Antonio	Mr. Hollingsworth
Nina	Miss P. Horton

Scene—Dovor.

First performed at the St. James's Theatre, January 12th, 1836.

Time in Representation—1 hour 0 minutes.

COSTUME.

Monsieur Jacques—Old black smalls, grey worsted stockings, rather darned, slippers, dark waistcoat, grey woollen morning gown, iron grey wig, shirt collar open.

Sequence—White trowsers, stockings, and shoes, light vest, brown coat, white neckerchief.

Vivid—Dark trowsers, blue coat buttoned up, boots, black hat, gloves.

Antonio—Black smalls and stockings, shoes with buckles, black vest, brown straight cut coat stick, gloves.

Nina—A handsome, but plain, white dress, bonnet, &c.

MONSIEUR JACQUES.

SCENE.—*An Attic. Door* 1. H. *leading to another Room. A Door* R. H. *Window in* F, *through which is seen a view of the Sea. A Pianoforte* L. H., *upon which is scattered loose sheets of Music (MS) and a full score. An old bookcase in flat* R. H., *containing a few odd volumes, and printed music. A small Table and buffet—some Chairs, one or two of which are bottomless. The whole scene wears the air of extreme poverty. At the rising of the Curtain a knocking at Door* R. H.; *after which, enter* SEQUENCE, R. H. *door.*

Seq. (*Putting his head in at the door.*) I suppose I may come in?—eh! the *orchestra* empty? Madam, follow your *leader.* Mind the stairs; this way, I am used to act as *conductor*—this way, [*Enter* NINA, R. H. *door.*] I am really very sorry you should have to mount *four octaves*—I mean four stories high. Quite a bit of luck to have had the honour of meeting you last night at Signora Squeakini's concert. Would it be taking a very great liberty to ask if you are musical?

Nina. (R H.) I have studied music from my infancy.

Seq. Bravo! then the affair, I trust, is settled; you really must take my apartment—I am perfect master of every instrument—am principal kettle-drum at the Dovor Philharmonic; and though I say it, I have produced some works.

Nina. I am aware that the public is already indebted to you for several charming ballads; the one sung last night was singularly beautiful.

Seq. Oh, what my '*Azure eyes?*' You have not yet seen my '*Radiant locks?*' The young amateurs prefer '*My faithless bride,*' though *I* think very little of *that* one myself.

Nina. I believe this is the apartment you intend for my servant? From what you said, I supposed it much larger;—indeed, Antonio is rather a friend, than a servant.

Seq. You have not seen all, madam; there is another, much larger and more commodious. I intend to have them both fresh papered; cherubims blowing trombones—quite charming, if

your servant is musical. [*Goes towards door.* L H.] Perhaps you would like to see the other room? [*Tries the door—finds it locked.*] Dear me it's locked! [*Peeping through the key-hole.*] Not up yet—at this time of day too; *forty bars* rest. A lazy old fellow, madam! but I'll soon rouse him.

Nina. Do not disturb any one, I beg; I can call again.

Seq. There is no need of ceremony with him—he's a horrid bad lodger—owes three quarters' rent. [*Crosses to* R. H.]

Nina. (Going towards piano, L. H.) A musician?

Seq. Yes—um! a sort of musician—a poor devil! He used to give lessons, but it wouldn't do—his pupils found him rather *cracked*—so he very soon lost the few he had. Bless you, he will sit for hours at that window as though he expected the arrival of some vessel: he fancies he sees it sailing towards him—rushes down stairs in 6-8 time and watches the face of every passenger as they come ashore; then, disappointed, his head drops, and he wanders back to this wretched furnished room. The furniture *is his* own, madam.

Nina. Unfortunate being!

Seq. You perceive there is no necessity to—[*Going towards door,* L. H.]

Nina, Hold, sir! [*She stops him.*] your story of the poor old man has much interested me: he must not be turned out on my account. [*She goes to piano, and look at the loose music.*]

Seq. Well, madam, if you do not wish him to go, your servant can occupy the other room; there is another lodger on this floor: he's a poet, but unfortunately as destitute as the other.

Nina. (Who has been looking at a sheet of music.) This is very strange! Why this is the ballad that was last night sang at the concert!

Seq. (Confused.) My ballad! Oh, yes, yes—it *is* my ballad. You see, from motives of charity, I frequently give this poor devil my music to copy. [Nina *goes up—Aside.*] The old fool has kept the original—I thought I had them both. I'll take better care for the future. [*Footsteps heard.*] I think I hear your servant.

Enter ANTONIO, R. H. *door.*

Nina. (Coming down C. *to* Antonio.) Have you made any discovery?

Anta. (Aside to Nina, R. H.) It is of that I wish to tell you.

Nina. I engage your apartments, and will to-morrow take possession. Come, Antonio. [*Crosses to* R. H. *as they are.*

going, VIVID *enters at door,* L. H. *rapidly, with a sheet of paper in his hand; he does not perceive them.*]

Vivid. My dear friend, here is the finale! [*Sees Nina.*] A thousand pardons, madam.

Nina. (Aside.) Again, this young man!

Viv. As I live, my incognita!

Ant. (R. C. *to* Sequence.) Who is that person?

Seq. (L. C.) Oh, he's the old man's fellow lodger; [*To* Nina.] the poet, of whom I spoke to you.

Nina. If I mistake not; we have met before?

Viv. Yes, miss—madam—on the beach.

Ant. Come, madam, we have much to do. [*Goes to door* R. H.]

Nina. Yes, let us begone.

Seq. Allow me, madam? [*Crosses to* R. H. *door.*] I'll conduct you down; take care of the step—this way, madam, if you please. [Sequence *goes out first*—Vivid *bows timidly to* Nina, *who curtseys and goes out, followed by* Antonio, R. H. *door.*]

Viv. She here! in the humble apartments of my poor friend. What could have caused this visit?—perhaps like a guardian spirit to succour him. I dared not even look at her. [*Runs to window.*] What, if I follow, and ascertain where she resides? no, no, it would be worse than folly. I will leave my finale and seek one more glance, though I feel 'tis madness!

(*Exit hastily, door* R. H.

Enter JACQUES *at door,* R. H.—*he is absent and pensive—his arms folded—he walks about the stage slowly—suddenly rushes to the window—returns—throws himself into a chair—sighs despondingly—rises, and draws from his bosom a small note. Music.*

Jac. (Reading.) "Pars fuis! mon cher Jacques; je volerai sur tes traces aussitot que je pourrai; bientot nous nous reverrons." (*Repeats without reading.*) "Go, fly away! my dear Jacques; I will be upon your heel as soon as I am able; soon we shall see one anoder again!" Here is twenty years ago dat she has write this, and she has not yet arrive!—de age, or rader de deep suffering, have ride mon visage—ruled my face wid lines, and she has not yet arrive! (*He kisses the letter.*) Ah, dese are not de light words to be break—"I will be upon your heel as soon as I am able." Have she not been able yet to be upon my heel? Mais, I am tranquilled—elle viendra! Ah, oui—yes—she shall come, becose she know dat I expect her dis twenty years. (*He folds her letter carefully, and places it in his bosom.*) Mariana! chere Mariana! let us to look once

again. [*Goes to window.*] Rien ! noting but de boat of de fishman. [*Returns.*] Ah, it shall not be no more to-day dat I strain my eye. Mais but demain—to-morrow, peut etre—yes, I do expect her to-morrow, to-morrow !

AIR—JACQUES.

Dat word wich console us, ' To-morrow ! to morrow !'
de bring wid him hope when he come to de heart,—
Mariana ! my wife ! come and banish my sorrow !
And jamais—non ! never again shall be part !

When, day after day, I feel life away wasting,
And dis hand, vich vas fort, tremble now more and more——
Now, my hair it is silver'd—no happiness tasting—
Still ' to morrow' I vispare—but soon 'twill be o'er.

Allons, allons ! let me drive far away from me dose ideas. [*Goes to piano -- sees paper that* Vivid *has left.*] Qu'est-ce que-c'est ca? vat is dis? Ah, my finale. A la bonne heure. Vivid have already been here ; he are so good boy—he not had wish to wakes me [*Reads paper.*]

" Sound the clarion, strike the drum !
War her flag of courage waving—
The warriors cry—" They come ! they come !"
Patriot hearts all danger braving !"

Tres bien, it is capital ! and my musique is a capital also. This night, pendant le silence, when all was hush I compose my overture ; and the motion vich it make me prove that my musique is handsome. Apres my dejeuner, after my breakfast I shall compose dis finale. [*Opens buffet.*] Mon dieu, I forget —il n'y a plus rien ! dere is noting no more leave. [*Shuts buffet.*] Ah ! c'est vrai, it is true,—I remember, I eat yesterday for my souper the little bit fromage—the cheese that remained me. Never mind, it is already late, and the morning will soon be finish. Tinking of my opera, I shall forget my stomach : let me see—voyons le premier vers ; dis is de first verse.

" Sound the clarion, strike the drum !"

[*He rushes to the piano, and arranges the loose sheets—begins to play, trying several motions to the above words.*]

Enter SEQUENCE, R. H. *door.*

Seq. (R. H.) Ah ! there he is composing, and composed. He may keep this little room, for by taking a trifle off his rent, I can have as much of his music as I want, which I can publish under my own name, as I have done before. Friend Jacques !

Jac. (L. H.—*absorbed.*) Dis is a triumph march—I must have an accompaniment of eight horns, six trompettes, five trombones, and four long drums. I don't like him myself—mais,

in de publique like very much noise. [*He plays again, and sings.*]

'Sound the clarion! strike the drum!'

Seq. Friend Jacques!

Jac. (*Still singing.*)

Seq. (*Louder.*) Good morning, Mr. Jacques!

Jac. Ah! c'est vous, Monsieur Sequence; [*Comes forward.*] bless a my soul, it am you. You have come by chance on purpose to carry away wid you the two romance?

Seq. Why, not exactly; but I can take them at the same time. [*Aside.*] Now to open the concert. The fact is, I have come to say——

Jac. Oh, oui, yes,—mais—but je suis bien fache, I am sorry very much great deal, but I have had no time—de musique is not ready—I was malade yesterday—very sick—bad of de head—oh, very—I was oblige to a good hour, to go to my sleeps.

Seq. (*Pointedly.*) I suppose then you were playing after you were in bed?

Jac. Comment?

Seq. You were composing?

Jac. Oh, no; I was snoring my nose, like one bassoon.

Seq. Oh! then I suppose you got up in your sleep, and hammered away till two this morning?—hem!

Jac. Comment? [*Embarrassed.*] till how many?

Seq. Till two.

Jac. Den you have hear?

Seq. A most charming overture.

Jac. Ah, ah! den you have find him good—eh?

Seq. It's a masterpiece; is it Mozart or Rossini?

Jac. Non monsieur, it was my own! [*Then, with a confidential air.*] Ecoutez! my opera is at last finish—c'est mon overture que vous avez entendue—dat was my overture vitch you have hear.

Seq. Really! [*Aside.*] I couldn't have believed it.

Jac. I have now no more to do as de finale. [*He plays with his fingers, while he sings.*]

'Sonnd the clarion! strike the drum!
On battle field, oey cry—We come!

Seq. (*Aside.*) An opera—an opera! Now, if I could but manage it, it would set all Dover by the ears; I'd have it produced in London. I should be called upon the stage—praised by the press—my portrait lithograped, and as I walked in the streets, people would point at me, and exclaim, "There goes the celebrated Sequence!" Zounds! it's worth the trial!

Jac. (*Absorbed.*)

"On battle-field, dey cry—'We come!"

Pram! Pram! Pram!

Seq. It's a pity that this opera, the fruit of your talent, and your old age, should be entirely lost.

Jac. Lost! and what for shall it be lost?

Seq. Because, my worthy friend, you can't have the slightest hope ever to see it performed—it's without the pale of reason.

Jac. Vat is dat pail?

Seq. You doubtless intend to present it to one of the metropolitan theatres? You must be aware that you could not command attention.

Jac. Et pourquoi que non?—and what for not? Is it because my costume announce de want and de pauvrete?

Seq. Alas! my friend, it is but too true: it is hard—cruel! but believe me your opera will die with you.

Jac. How! my opera shall die wid me? Non, non; je te dit, it shall immortalize my name for a long time, never no more. My opera die vid me—de labour of my old age—all gone away, for noting at all.

Seq. There might, to be sure, be a plan to get it performed—but you wouldn't listen to it.

Jac. I not listen? dites moi—tell to me—oh, parlez—speak!

Seq. Well, then, since you are willing to listen to sound sense, I will speak—the true artiste is above being caught by the flatteries of the world—he is sufficiently recompensed when he hears his opera performed; as to the rest, it's all fiddle-de-dee!

Jac. Yes, but what has my opera to do vid dis fiddle dée?

Seq. I am coming to that directly. Now, taking it for granted that your opera will never see daylight—rather than it should be lost, I have no objection to buy it of you, in the same way that I have bought the rest of your music, and I will undertake to get it produced.

Jac. Sell my opera? Oh, jamais—never!

Seq. Oh, very well, perhaps when you think over it you'll change your mind Good morning. [*Going*, R. H.—*returns.*] Friend Jacques, I have your interest more at heart than you think: I am considered a great composer—I am rich—an opera from me would be received and produced at once. Now, what does it matter if it comes before the public in the name of Jacques, Timkins, or Tomkins. You will have the satisfaction of hearing it; you shall have a front seat in the dress boxes—the theatre will be crammed; the leader's tap is heard—an awful

silence reigns around, until the last crash is buried in the shouts and bravos of an astonished and deafened audience !

Jac. (*Delighted.*) And I shall see all dat ?

Seq. I have said it. Give me but the MS. and I'll give you a receipt for your arrear of rent, for the various other sums which you owe me—and further, a twenty pound note.

Jac. Twenty pounds ? And I shall see act my opera ? Twenty pounds ! I shall be able wid it to reward Vivid for all dat he has done for me.

Seq. Well, you agree ?

Jac. (*Hesitatingly.*) Eh bien ! Nous verrons—we shall see. Je ne dis pas non—I not say no—I not say yes ;—you are so hurry.

Seq. Well, then, I consider the affair as arranged ; give me your opera, and you shall have the money. [*Going towards the piano.*]

Jac. (*Goes up and seizes the score.*) Vat, you will take my opera toute de suite ? so very by-and-by. Non, non, pas encore —not yet. [*To his opera.*] And shall you leave my house so soon ?—for five year, every day, every hour you have calm my despair ; rest near to me a little longer, before I say you my last adieu !

Seq. Well, I have no particular objection to leave it a little longer with you ; and in the meantime, I'll draw out your receipt, and get your twenty pounds. [*Goes to door—returns.*] But remember, not a word—the usual secrecy.

Jac. Oui, oui—yes ! [*Sits at piano, buried in thought.*]

Enter VIVID, R. H. D.

Seq. Well, Mr. Vivid, have you any money for me yet ?

Viv. I have not, but I hope very soon to have some, and then———

Seq. Very soon ! the old put off. I have been too patient—too liberal, but you'll hear from me. [*Crosses to* R. H.] Good morning, sir. Jacques, remember ! [*Exit at door,* R. H.

Viv. "Hear from me !" but I cannot think of him now—brighter visions fill my soul. My efforts to overtake her were vain

Jac. (*Absorbed at piano.*) Twenty pounds ! dat will take me to Palerme—to Palerme · dat I may see her once again before to die. [*Rises.*]

Viv. (*Sees him.*) Poor old man. Palerme ! ever repeating that word when his reason forsakes him.

Jac. Twenty pounds and la gloire ! [*Comes forward,* L. H.]

Viv. His visions are ever of fortune and happiness. Jacques my friend.

Jac. (*Rising.*) Ah, Vivid, c'est vous et bien?—quoi de nouveau—vot news?

Viv. None to comfort. I had hoped by the sale of my second volume to have obtained at least the means of alleviating our present distress - but the bookseller has refused to purchase.

Jac. Vat a rascal fellow—ven de verses are so handsome!—mais, console yourself, mon ami for I have some beautiful news for you.

Viv. (*Aside.*) How unfortunate! How to ascertain her address?

Jac. Qu'avez-vous donc? Vot is de matter? You am been for dis last two, tree days, tout triste, and dull, and absently—and I am of it beginning to be very fidgets.

Viv. Nay, 'tis nothing.

Jac. I am sure dere is someting on de top of your head—I have remark it—you have always confide your evils to your old friend—vat is den now? am I no more your confiance—am I no more your friendship?

Viv. Banish such thoughts—you are my only friend! I have striven to hide all from you—but 'tis vain! my brain burns while I confess my insanity!

Jac. You make me frightful—depechez donc—tell to me vat is it.

Viv. I love! without hope—madly love!

Jac. Quel horreur! You love! Malheureux!

Viv. Oh, if you knew how beautiful she is! Twenty times have I met her in my solitary walks; her eyes have encountered mine—I have deeply drank of their fascination Yesterday, while roaming despondingly on the beach, my soul filled with visions of her elysian brightness—a voice out-rivalling the music of the blest arrested me Judge, oh! judge my rapture!—those verses were mine—mine! Drunk with ecstacy, I exclaimed—"Happy the poet, thus able to dim that beaming eye with the holy tear of sympathy!"

Jac. He also de victim of love! [*Sinks into a reverie.*]

Viv. Judge my astonishment, when, bringing your finale, I found, in this room, my incognita in conversation with Sequence. You do not listen!

Jac. Love! Oh, my friend, beware of it! And more, for the grande dame—de rank lady—Oh, Vivid, prenez y garde! I have never speaks you of moi meme—of myself—of de days dat are over. You ave always seen me poor and old, and you have takes me by hand widout to know me—it is time dat you shall be more acquaint vid de histoire of your poor old friend. Seat

yourself near to me. [Vivid *brings forward two chairs. They sit.*] It is a triste histoire--a story that is melancholick—but it will be lesson to you.

Viv. Nay, if it pain you—[*He draws his chair near to* Jacques.]

Jac. (*After having seemed to collect his thoughts*) I was not born to have de happiness, for my moder die ven I vas a vary little boy—good vile ago. I ave evince de talent for de musique—and my fader encourage it; at nineteen year old he die also—vidout to leave me much money, An opportunity offer himself to go into Italy—and I take hold of him. I go to Palerme. Palerme! Palerme! Ah! my brain burn only at de souvenir of dat eite.

Viv Compose yourself, Jacques.

Jac. It vas at dis time I did acquaintance make vid de Count San Marco—man proud, and rempli d'hauteur! He appoint me de teacher of his daughter. Oh, my friend! how was she different to her fader! not thing so beautiful ever struck my eye—she vas von angel! she vas de beau ideal—you cannot see her von times vidout to love her:—et moi! and myself! while six months, I am go every day to give her de lesson. I do not know how it vas, because my passion made me almost mad! mais—one night, we were alone—I found myself at her foots—I confess my love—she did not seeks to fly away from me—for Heaven--de bon dieu—have mark our two souls for de love and de unite.

Viv. You were happy?

Jac. Happy! I vas almost to mad. Mais, one night--oh, my friend, one dreadful night a knock came to my door: I say to de knocker, entrez!—a female, wid a veil, present herself--it was Mariana. "Jacques," she say to me, "my fader vish to sacrifice me to a marriage detestable—but I am Italienne, and I love you; let us this night fly away—a vaisseau go from here to England—come!—vicns?" How happy dat I vas you can tink--we went to part—we reach de sheeps—de signal to depart is give—I press Mariana to my heart—de tear of joy trickle in her eye—we sail for two days—but vat is den dat sheep dat cut the wave and ride wid speed behind us? [*He rises and seems to shew* Vivid *the sea, which he imagines he sees before him, and towards which he moves his hand, imitating the motion of a vessel.*] Tiens, Vivid!—see you her?—as she glide on de sea! she make approach—she is here—la voila! [*A pause.*] Mariana make a shriek, and fell senseless—it is de count! it is her fader! and his soldats!—dey arrest me in de name of de grand

duc—dey tie my hand—dey carry me back to Palerme, and trow me in de prison—I am try—I am accuse of de seduction—I am condemn—you understand, Vivid—condemn—to de galleys! to the galleys;

Viv. Gracious powers! And how did you escape?

Jac. One night de door of my prison opens—somebody seize my arm, and conduct me through the dark—place in my hand a purse, and a letter—cette lettre, mon ami, this letter! [*Takes letter out and reads.*] "Go, fly avay! I will be upon your heel as soon as I am able." Eh bien, I vas transport avay. Here is de gap in my histoire—dere is tree year of which I know noting. I remember, dey puts great deal of waters on my head—puis, one morning, dey tell me to go avay from the hopital, where I ave been. I was alone in de vorld—I struggle on to give de few lessons, ven Heaven send you near to me. Oh, my friend, the bon dieu was good, for vidout you I should be dead! [*He lays his head on* Vivid's *shoulder, who dashes away a tear.*]

Viv. (*After a short pause*) And you have never since heard of your Mariana?

Jac. Jamais, never! While I was jeunne hommc, a young man, I expect her as a wife. Mais a present, I look to see her as a dear friend—a sister! for she is now old like me. But, I know it; she vill come, she vill come! Attendez! [*He goes up and watches at window, and looks anxiously out,* L. H.]

Viv. And this is what I am to expect; affection without hope! Mariana loved him; that thought has been the balm to heal his lacerated heart I must cease to think of her; she can never be mine. Absence is my only safeguard: the situation of clerk to a vessel for South America has been offered to me; it will leave the docks to-morrow—what if I accept it? [*Turns his eyes towards* Jacques] And can I then abandon him? Oh, no! never! [*Enter* ANTONIO, R. H. *door.*] Again! [*Goes up* C.]

Ant. This is the room. Does Monsieur Jacques live here? [Vivid *touches* Jacques *and points to* Antonio.]

Jac. C'est moi, monsieur; it is me. [*Coming forward*]

Ant. You! [*Crossing to centre, and looking at him with interest.*] Monsieur Jacques, my mistress requests to speak with you.

Jac. (L. H.) To me?

Ant. (C) She wishes to know if it will be convenient for you to see her to day?

Jac. Oui, yes, certainement; whenever she likes to please.

Ant. Then she will come to-day; she will come. Heaven b'ess you sir! [*He bows.*] [*Exit* Antonio, R. H. *door.*

Jac. Those words; dat man! I have seen him somewhere.

Viv. (*Comes down* R. H.) He is the servant of my incognito. Are you aware that this young lady has been here once before to-day?

Jac. Vraiment! c'est bizarre! very strange or rader very natural. She ave hear of my musique, and she come to take de lesson.

Viv. Possibly.

Jac. (*Gaily.*) In all de case, my dear boy, dis is not but some good for me. Mon dieu! vat a figuration I look. You must lend me a coat; dat little chesnut coat.

Viv. Willingly; I'll fetch it for you. (*Crosses to* L. H.) You will soon learn who she is. [*Aside.*] Still will I keep my resolve, and banish myself for ever. [*Exit door,* L. H.

Jac. Quel malheur! vat misfortune! dat de blanch isseuse—de washwoman—ave not brought home my cravat: it is always so; ven you not vant den dey come, and on de grandes occasion dey stops avay. To be sure, I ave only two; so ven one is dry de oder is wets. Never mind. [*Goes about stage, dusting chairs, &c, with his handkerchief.*] Dis visite have produce a very singular effect upon me. Suppose she should be riche, as Vivid say, I shall perhaps to be able, par sa protection, to produce my opera. Oh, quelle joie it vill be to see my opera perform! no, I vill not never part with him.

Enter SEQUENCE, R H. *door.*

Seq. (R. H.) I hav'nt been long, you see. Now, touching the overture I made to you this morning.

Jac. (L. H.) Your overture? It is my overture.

Seq. I mean the proposal which you agreed to. I have brought you the money, and a receipt in full of all demands.

Jac. Ma foi, it is true! A fine note, new all over, and a receipt.

Seq. Take them, my friend, they are yours, and, though I have the reputation, you will be a man of note.

Jac. Non! grande merci! I shall not take them, parce que, becose I ave change my mind.

Seq. What, you want more money, I suppose—*Crescendo* in your demand.

Jac. Non, I won't want none—I won't let my opera go away at all.

Seq. Mr. Jacques, be careful—I am not a man to be trifled with. Remember, you owe me three quarters' rent, and it is in my power to turn you into the street.

Jac. I know it.

Seq. To seize your goods, and sell them under your nose?

Jac. I know it. C'est vrai—it is true. You can do all dis, but you cannot tear from me my opera from under my nose. You may throw me away out of your house—eh, bien, I must. looks anoder. I shall not complain, so long as remain me my opera and my piano.

Seq. I shall sell that with the rest of the rubbish.

Jac. You will sell my piano! Qu'avez vous dit la? What you have say! sell my piano! You do not know dat six year it has support me in all de misere de most affreuse—when for day to day I ave noting to eat. Ah, dat astonish you. You—you dat ave de superfluity, while de pauvre musician often vant a morsel of bread. Dat astonish you! In de midst of dat vant, dat misere, and dat hungry, I have forgot all—all—becose of my piano—and you have de heart to sell it? Take my bed—sell him; but leave to me—oh, leave to me my piano.

Seq. Pooh, nonsense—it shall go. [*Going towards piano*]

Jac. (*Stopping him.*) I am old and feeble, but Heaven will give power to this aged arm, but should that arm fail to me, it must dat day kill me;—but I vill never lose my hold! [*He rushes to the piano in despair—sinks exhausted—presses his head with his hands—looks round wildly*] Ah—where I am? In Palerme! Hush!

Seq In one of his paroxysms again.

Jac. (*The orchestra plays the air of the piece—he listens.*)—It is a sheep dat glide upon de vater: she is come at last—I fly to see her—Mariana! Mariana! [*He rushes off* R. H. D.

Enter VIVID, *with a coat* L. H. D.

Viv. (*Not seeing* Sequence.) Here, my friend, is the—I beg pardon, I have brought poor Mr. Jacques——

Seq. Some money?

Viv. No a coat which I promised to lend him. [*Places it on a chair.* L. H.]

Seq Very strange that you can afford to lend coats, and not pay me your rent. This day I have made up my mind, either to have my money, or you both go.

Viv. Turn the old man out! Impossible! You do but jest—so violent a procedure——

Seq. I dare say you'll make a speech about humanity, and then talk very poetically about pity. I don't pretend to understand it. A man can't understand everything I am contented to be acquainted with the sound of music and money.

Viv. Poor Jacques! without a home! left to perish—to be cast upon the cold world—and feeble! How much is the old man indebted to you?

Seq. Fifteen pounds.

Viv. (*Aside*) Fifteen pounds! and they offered to advance thirty. In accepting it I save my poor friend, for some time at least, from want. [*To* Sequence, *haughtily*] Mr. Sequence, you will not dispose of a single article.

Seq. And, who, pray, will prevent me?

Viv. I. Before the evening you shall be paid to the uttermost farthing.

Seq. The de/il! and I shall lose the opera. [*Aside.*] But you have so often promised, I would advise you to keep your word.

Viv. Leave the room!

Seq Turned out of the orchestra! Take care sir, you *keep your time.*

Viv. Begone! [*Exit* Sequence, R. H. D.] And now to perform a last duty to poor Jacques. It is an act which will not only solace him, but will enable me to drive her loved image from my mind! She will soon be here. I dare not see her more, or farewell to my resolution.

Nina (*Without.*) Remain without, Antonio. He will, doubtless soon return.

Viv. Heavens! she is here. Escape is, then impossible! [*Goes up.*]

Enter NINA, R. H. D.

Nina. (*Looking anxiously about*) Everything in this wretched apartment interests me. [*Sees* Vivid.] His friend! I am delighted to find you alone, Mr Vivid—I am anxious to have some conversation respecting your friend, Monsieur Jacques.

Viv. Of Jacques!

Nina. A circumstance of importance has induced this visit. Is it not to be feared that any unexpected news may be too much for his reason?

Viv. The evident interest you take in my poor friend—pardon, dear madam my curiosity, but it is dictated alone by the deepest sympathy with the misery and poverty which he endures at his age, to be reduced to the most fearful privations—

Nina. Gracious heavens! is it possible? [*Agitated.*] Is it come to this? Antonio! [Antonio *appears at* R. H. D. *She whispers him who disappears hastily*] Be satisfied, sir; I have both the will and the means of serving your friend.

Viv. It is kind—very kind, madam; but *I* shall this day have the means. Heaven has unexpectedly sent them.

Nina. Your noble, your disinterested conduct does honour to your nature. [*Goes up.*]

Viv. My conduct! [*Aside.*] Now is the moment, or all is lost I will fly to the captain, secure my papers, and pay this heartless landlord [*To* Nina.] Pardon, madam, but an affair of importance obliges me thus rudely to leave. 'Tis Jacques—I will leave you. Farewell, madam, for ever? [*Exit* R. H. D.

Nina. I dread to see him! Heaven grant me fortitude for the melancholy task—and should all effort to save him be unavailing, I will consign myself to the holy calm of a convent's walls, and forget for ever my mountain heme.

SONG—NINA.

PALERMO'S BELL.

When last I heard Palermo's bell,
How deep and hallowed was its power—
How sweet each tone the tale did tell,
Of bridal joy, and death's dark hour!
But forced to roam,
From kindred home,
I sighed a last farewell—
To sun-lit bower,
And golden flower,
And dear Palermo's bell!

With listless eye that land is seen,
For far off lands my bosom burn'd,
Yet sighed to leave that long lov'd scene—
Still early memory fondly turned,
But visions bright,
As the fire-fly's light,
Of hope and peace doth tell—
For o'er each dale,
And hill and vale,
Shall sound Palermo's bell!

[*At the end of Song* Nina *retires up,* R. H.

Enter JACQUES, R. H D.

Jac. (*Not seeing her*) Again I come back alone. (*Sees coat.*) Ah, ah, de coat of Vivid—dis lady vill soon come. [*He is about to take off his coat, when he sees* Nina.] Ah, mon dieu—la voila! dere she am, and I ave not ave de time to—mille pardons, madam—to receive you in dis negligee of de morning.

Nina. It is I rather who should apologize for this intrusion,

Jac. Comment, madam! [*Aside.*] What a interest she are! Give yourself de pain to sits down. [*He hands* Nina *a chair, with a broken seat, but instantly changes it.*) Maintenant, will you descend to instruct me of de motive of your visit?

Enter ANTONIO, R. H. D., *with a tray, covered, decanter, glasses, &c. which he lays on the table.*

Nina. The business which has brought me here will oblige me to remain with you a very long time,

Jac. Mais—tant mieux—all de better, madam. Vat a sweet oye—[*Aside.*]

Nina. And fearful that, did I not come early, I might not find you at home, I did not take breakfast.

Jac. Oh dat always makes bad—you should not—jamais, never go vidout your breakfast—it is always my system.

Nina I have therefore taken the liberty to desire my servant to bring it here. I hope you will not only pardon me, but will partake of it with me.

Jac. Madame———

Nina. We can, during the time, talk upon the subject that brought me here. [*To* Antonio, *who has arranged the table.*] Bring the table down.

Jac. I shall obey you.

Ant. Pardon me, sir—that is my duty [*Brings the table down.*]

Jac. (*Who has pulled up one of his stockings, and buckled his breeches.*) Mon dieu! Madame, I am quite confuse. [*Aside.*] Vat a pity it is not to be better decorated.

Nina. Pray be seated. Leave us, my good Antonio.

[*Exit* Antonio, R. H. D.

Jac. It is only to obey you, madam, for I am already taking someting, and I am no great appetite. [*Aside.*] What a large fibs. [*He looks at the table with voraciousness. She sits and eats a little to encourage him.* [*Aside.*] If dat poor Vivid was here, he vould also ave a breakfast—but he is always out of de vay ven anyting extraordinaire happen. [*He eats ravenously—she fills his glass with wine.*] You are too good, madame. [*Aside.*] Vine! vat it is a long time dat I ave it not taste. [*Drinks.*] Dis, too, very good cotelette—a capital shop—very handsome vine! I assure you, madame, dat I do not ave vine upon my table always—tings are not in a flourish wid me.

Nina. And have you not tried to better your circumstances?

Jac. Very often—several times. Ven I ave present myself to ave de pupils, dey say, 'vous etes trop vieux'—you are too old. Alors, den, I go to de maison of de poor old peoples—what you call de working house—and dey say, 'vous etes trop jeune'—you are too young—so I find dat I am of an age most embarrassing. What a magnifique pate—what a capital lark! Now, madame, am I able to know vat ave procure to me de honneur of your visite?

Nina. (*Aside.*) Heavens! how to break it to him! You must know that I am an entire stranger here—'tis now two months since I quitted Italy.

Jac. (*Moves suddenly.*) Italy! You came from Sicily?

Nina. A passion for music predominated from my earliest youth. I employed the most distinguished masters, and was making rapid progress when circumstances obliged me to abandon my studies and come to England. This morning chance conducted me here—some pieces of music which I happened to see on your piano gave me the highest opinion of your genius——

Jac. Ah, madame—your compliments flattre me.

Nina. (*Rising.*) I would become your pupil.

Jac. (*Rising*) It shall give me pleasure to teach you as well as my poor abilitie shall permit. I do not know why, but I cannot help to take an interest in you. Dites moi, ma chere madame—vidout dout you ave already compose several tings?

Nina. As yet I have not attempted anything beyond the merest trifles; yet there is one I should like you to hear, but that I fear to take up your time.

Jac. Comment donc! it will be to me a great happiness. I only regret dat my piano is such a poor box.

Nina. (*Crossing.*) I tremble! The subject of the romance founded upon fact—it really happened. The scene is Sicily.

Jac. (*Agitated.*) En Sicile! [*He regains his composure.*]

Nina. Listen! [*She watches all his emotions.*]

ROMANCE.—NINA.

A noble's daughter loved to madness,
A stranger youth of low degree,
They wed—(but 'tis a tale of sadness
Told throughout all Sicily)

(*With surprise.*) Told throughout all Sicily?

The sire pursues the truant maiden,
And soon, alas! his steps they hear.
The youth is cast, with irons laden,
Within Palermo's dungeon drear.

(*Starting.*) Within Palermo's dungeon drear?

NINA.

Still cheer thee youth,
She watches thee!
Believe her truth,
She'll set thee free.

Jac. (*Looking fixedly upon* Nina.) Vat means dis rom

Nina, Listen to the second verse.

Dread surrounds him, gloom is o'er him,
Life to him no more is dear—
When soon a mantled form before him,
Stands within his dungeon drear.

Jac. (*His agitation has greatly increased.*) She stand within his dungeon drear?

NINA.

'Fly! thy path is free from danger,'
Cries the maid, nor cries in vain.
'This purse—this letter, take—in stranger
Climes we soon shall meet again!'

Jac. We soon shall meet again [Nina. *as if to calm his agitation, turns the song gaily.*)

NINA.

Now cheer thee youth,
She watches thee—
Believe her truth,
She sets thee free!

Jac. (*Seizing the arm of* Nina, *draws from his bosom the letter.*) Dis letter—look—see—it is here—here! Cette histoire—dis histoire—it is *mine*! De prisonier is me—de daughter of de noble is Mariana. You know her? Speak—speak! it is Mariana who ave send you to me, n'est ce pas? She vill come herself? Oh, say me—say me, dat she vill come? She has me promise. Oh, speak! You reply not—you turn away your eye!—one word—one single word. Ven shall I see her again?

Nina. (*Impressively.*) Never—never!

Jac. Never! Oh, mon dieu! Never? Den she is—tell me not. [*Puts his hand before her mouth.*] Dead—mort! [*His head sinks on his bosom—his phrenzy returns*] Hark! do not you hear de sound of de bell? Stand away—do not make so much noise—how can she die if you talk? [*He looks up silently, as if in prayer.*]

Nina. Nay, be calm; hear me, I entreat.

Jac. Mariana comes to me no more; vat I have to do here now, but to die? [*He weeps, his hands clasping his face*]

Nina. His reason returns.

Jac. Dead! vidout to have seek to see me only once. [*He tears the letter which he throws down*]

Nina. Accuse her not. She would have forsaken fortune, rank, parents, country; but after your flight she was closely guarded, and her life melted away in tears.

Jac (*Picks up the pieces of the letter, and carefully puts them into his bosom*) Pardon to her memory! Pauvre Mariana—she was den very unhappy?

Nina. Oh, yes—and loved you. She at length succeeded in obtaining the means of flight; all obstacles were removed——

Jac. And what prevent her?

Nina. She died, giving birth to a daughter.

Jac. Grand dieu! and dis daughter? where, where is she—where is my daughter—my child?

Nina. My father! [*She falls on her knees before* Jacques.]

Jac. C'est toi! Oh, yes—my heart tell me—ma fille—my child—ma chere enfant! [*He presses her in his arms.*] Ah, if you know how you look like her. Ah, now I not more wish to die!

Nina. Calm yourself, my father.

Jac. (*Raising her up.*) My child—my daughter—*mine!* Ah, how she is tall—how she is beautiful! Oh, if dis shall be an illusion! Ma pauvre tete is so weak: I am not derange—not mad, am I?

Nina. No, no. Dear father, it is indeed your child, who will never again leave you—who will soothe your grief into happiness!

Jac. Oui, yes. [*Slowly.*] We will yet speak of her.

Nina. And now away with want, away with poverty. The Count is no more—I am rich; you are rich, my father.

Jac. Riche—can it be? Eh bien, tant mieux! not for me, but for him who has support and suffer wid me—my good Vivid. Oh, he is a good boy! You do not know what a generosite—what a fine heart he has; no son could have do no more for me. Oh, how he will be astonishment!

Enter SEQUENCE *with a letter,* R. H. *door.*

Seq. My dear Mr. Jacques, I have come to tell you———

Jac. Dat I must go avay from your logement. Oh, very vell, I shall leave your ugly garret-room.

Seq. On the contrary, I've come to say that you may stay as long as you please. I'm paid!

Jac You are paid? [*Looks at* Nina.]

Seq. This letter will explain. [*Reads.*] "Enclosed is the amount my dear friend Mr. Jacques stands indebted to you. I will call and pay your demand on myself in an hour. I sail for South America to-morrow, and———"

Enter VIVID, R. H. *door.*

Jac. (*Running to and pressing his hand.*) Ah, mon ami—let me shake you.

Viv. (*Aside.*) She still here!

Jac. How ave you got all dat money? Mais ce n'est rien; tanks to dis angel, I ave no vant nothing. Dis beautiful lady—dis incognita, dat you often speak to me about—she is ma fille—my daughter—my child!

Viv. (*Aside.*) His daughter!

Seq. His daughter! There goes his head again.

Nina. (*Taking the hand of* Jacques.) He speaks the truth—I am his daughter.

Seq. Is it possible!

Jac. Yes, it is possible, Mr. Lodging-house. [*To* Vivid.] Now we go all three to be happy.

Viv. Alas! it is now too late.

Jac. Comment—too late! It never shall be too late. And could you think to leave me, when you know dat Mr. Sequence was go to turn me out of his house?

Seq. Bless you, I respect genius too much—I am too fond of music.

Jac. Oui—yes, so fond of de musique, that you vill take avay my piano? [*To* Vivid.] And you have sacrifice every ting for me.

Viv. I see you rich and happy—I have now no tie to bind me here.

Jac. But it is now my turn to make you happy. Vat! you ave no tie to bind you here? Ven I shall be older, who shall support me, eh?—has she de strength—dat dear child dere? Vid dis arm [*shewing his left.*] I can lean on her; mais, but dis toder arm? Ah, tu n'as plus rien a faire ici?—you ave no more tie to bind you here?

Nina. Mr. Vivid, you must not leave us—you will not go?

Viv. (*Taking* Jacques' *right arm.*) Dearest lady, if you command———

Jac, Ah, voyez vous ca—how he is obedient to her! I remember—mais, motus—I shall say nothing now—but by-and-bye, presently, I shall speak vid both of you. [*To* Sequence.] Monsieur Sequence, you perceive I am not dispose to sell my opera, becos for you see I am riche.

Seq I am delighted at your prosperity; I am sure I hope your opera will succeed. [*Aside.*] I'll go the first night and hiss it!

Jac. Yes, I am riche. [*Looking at* Nina *and* Vivid, *then comes forward.*] To night, in the midst of my sorrow, I tought I hear from every side voices cry, "Brava!"—"tres bien!" Mais malheureusement! my head ave been some time derange, and perhaps I ave only suppose dese things. Am I mad? Did I dream dat you was please. and satisfy? Oh, assure me dat it vas not the raving of POOR MONSIEUR JACQUES.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

SEQUENCE. VIVID JACQUES. NINA.

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